

The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XCVI.]

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

Mary of Buttermere's House.



On a beautiful green isthmus, which divides two of the lakes in Cumberland, stands the little village of Buttermere, consisting of a few scattered cottages, a rectory, and a public-house. The upper lake is deep, dark, and grand, surrounded by stupendous, rugged mountains, towering to the clouds in all the sublimity of naked forms, evidently tossed about by volcanic operations; the streams innumerable, that leap from rock to rock down the mountains' sides, appear like strokes of silver-dice decorating the craggy surface; while their mingled murmurs are the only sounds that disturb the soloman scene. The valley, when it reaches the lower lake, expands and softens down into all the varieties and the richness of sylvan beauty. The neatly-white-washed parsonage-house commands this enchanting view. The public-house stands more in the village, by the side of a small, but rapid brook, and is the only place of refreshment within many miles. It is clean and neat, having two spare bed-rooms of the comfortable kind, where a lady can hope for no accommodations; yet, she has doubtless there to be met with in every part

of the neighbourhood, has made this house the occasional residence of many a solitary angler. In this dwelling, of which we give a view from an original drawing, grew Mary, daughter of the landlord, as lovely a flower as ever bloomed in rustic garden. It was her duty to attend on the guests who came to her father's house, and she performed all the offices of her station with the gracefulness and unaffected modesty that so eminently distinguish the women in that part of Britain. A few years since, a person, of gentlemanly appearance and manners, presented himself at the house alone, on foot, with his fishing apparatus in his hand, and a wallet on his shoulders. He soon settled himself in one of the apartments, went daily out to fish, and in the course of a few weeks, by the gentleness of his deportment, won the esteem of the villagers; and he also gained the heart of Mary of Buttermere. The stranger seemed to have much property with him, spoke highly of his estates and connections in the south; but having gained the approval of every one in the family, he was finally married to the lovely object of his attentions. Three weeks rapidly passed away

in the delirium which generally follows an union of this kind, when, one morning, the husband of the too-confiding Mary was apprehended, and torn away from her as a notorious forger and swindler. Great efforts were made by many persons of weight in the county to get the matter compromised, on account of the interesting young wife; but the transactions were of such magnitude that nothing could be done. He was tried at Carlisle, convicted on the clearest evidence, and hanged; for no pardon can be conceded to atrocious forgery.

The sorrows of the beautiful widow excited for many weeks the sympathy and the visits of many females, even from distant parts of the kingdom; but she remained long overpowered by the calamity of her situation. There are few cases, however, of sorrow that admit of no alleviation. The traces of anguish in time wore away from her mind, and made her heart ready for a new impression.—Mary of Buttermere is now married to a neighbouring clergyman, and is the happy mother of several fine children.

W. M. C.

REVOLUTIONS IN LITERATURE.

(For the Mirror.)

..... sed et unda impellitur unda
Urgetque prior venient, urgetque priores.
..... Nam cessat fuit ante, sollicitus est.
Fitque quod haud fuerat momentaque cuncta
Novantur. OVID. MET.

LITERATURE like states, has its various eras of strength and weakness,—of opulence and power,—it is in its beginning, rude and undisciplined—it progressively obtains perfection—it has its declension and its fall, and like them too, it rises as the phoenix, from the ashes of its parent, with renovated strength and glory. Thus it is, in a continual state of change and revolution; but though ever subject to mutation, it is formed on the same principles, and composed of the same materials. It is not the design of the present essay to enter into a historical detail of the various Revolutions in Literature, from the earliest periods, but merely to confine the subject to those which have happened in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The beginning of the eighteenth century is a period to which Englishmen may look with delight and veneration, a period which is justly entitled, to the proud distinction which it gained, of the Augustan era of English Literature. When the authors of the "Tatler," the "Guardian," and the "Spectator," at

once delighted and informed the public with their lucubrations,—and when Pope refined our language from the gothic barbarity of its former structure, and rendered it unsurpassed in its elegance, and unequalled in its melody,—before that time, the few periodicals of the day were devoted to the discussion of politics and the fluctuations of commerce, and it was reserved for Addison, Steele, and their coadjutors, to call into action periodical literature, which was at once formed to lash the follies of the day, to delight by its wit, and to improve by its morality: a species of writing which has done more good towards the reformation of manners, and the progress of civilization than the most severe edicts which were enacted, or the most ponderous *tomcs* that were ever written. This age passed away, and another race of writers sprang up, and changes, innovations, and improvements with them. Johnson improved the English language by the introduction of Latinisms, and the dignified style in which he wrote; his "Moral Essays," claimed, with justice, the applause which they received; in them sublimity of thought was clothed in elevation of language. Addison among the writers of his day, appeared to possess gigantic powers; but in comparison with Johnson, they are considerably diminished. The style of Addison is often encumbered with redundancies, and often injured by inelegance; his sentences seldom possess strength, or his periods melody; but in the whole prosaic works of Johnson, there will scarcely be found one sentence from which any thing could be taken, without injuring its structure, or any thing added, which could increase its effect. Goldsmith, whose versatile genius was displayed in various forms, wrote with a vigour and an elegance peculiarly his own; in every sphere of literature his influence was extended, and his excellence was shewn; his essays were written with elegance, correctness, and spirit; his poems possessed all the harmony of Pope, without his monotony; in his comedies, his humour was exalted, and his wit refined; and in his matchless novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield," he imparted more interest to a simple domestic tale, than could have been conferred by all the splendour of fiction, and all the fascinations of romance. Gray raised the lyric poetry of the English above any of the moderns, and placed it on an equality with the ancients. Thomson, in his "Seasons," and Akenside in his "Pleasures of the Imagination," exalted Descriptive and didactic poetry to the highest moment of excellence. Fielding, in his "Tom

Jones," united the powers of the authors of "Don Quixote" and "Gil Bias," and produced a happy display of comic romance; his portraiture of human nature being strong and vivid. Such were a few of the luminaries, who, in the last age, shone in the galaxy of literature, who gained the deserved applause of their contemporaries, and claimed an immortal fame, from the approbation of posterity; but while we bestow the palm of praise upon the past, let us not treat the present with indifference.

The revolutions in America and France, roused the thoughts and feelings, and exerted the energies of mankind, which produced a change, not only in the political, but in the literary world, and wrought that difference which exists between the past and present age. In the last age, the genius of authors was cramped by too close an attention to the authority of the ancients. In the present, that authority has neither been acknowledged nor respected, and each great literary Titan of the day, aiming at originality, has founded a system of his own. In the last age, rules of versification were made for the different species of poetry, to which every author rigorously adhered; but the multiplicity of measures which are employed in modern compositions, have produced a grand revolution in the realms of rhyme. In the last age, almost every author took some celebrated ancient or modern as his model; thus Horace and Virgil, were the models of Pope; Rabelais, of Swift and Sterne; and Cervantes and Le Sage, of Fielding. In the present, authors throwing off the old régime, have been satisfied with a dependence upon their own resources—have formed a new path for themselves, and have refused to traverse the beaten track of their predecessors. By reason of this, a diversity of composition has appeared, which criticism cannot rank under any known *genera* of the schools. In prosaic composition, the writers of the present age cannot claim an equality with the last. The favourite, prosaic style of the present age is very little, if any, elevated above the language of conversation: it is a style in which simplicity is mistaken for animation, and vulgarity for *ease*. To this there are exceptions, and among these no small share of praise is attributable to the author of the "Sketch Book," a writer, in whose style *ease* and strength are happily blended; who has chosen the medium between pompous phrases, high-sounding words, common-place epithets, and low expressions. In the regions of fiction and romance, all the glooms of monastic heroic—all the

vulgarity of comic romance, and the gorgeous enchantments of the fairy tale, once so delightful, have faded like "the baseless fabric of a vision" before the influence of the great northern magician. The lovers of fiction no longer behold her clothed in the sickly garb of German sentimentality, nor arrayed in the absurd improbabilities of gothic romance. Deserting the ordinary tract of novelists, the "great unknown" has held a torch in the path of history, quickened the eye of research, and blended the "utile" of historical instruction with the "dulce" of rational entertainment. Never were the wild heaths and craggy rocks of Scotland so fertile of adventure as the magic creations of this prolific writer has rendered them. Of all the various provinces of literature the realm of poetry has, perhaps, undergone the greatest revolution, and sustained the least injury from the alteration. That there are authors in the present age who possess powers equal to those of the last, and that they exert them in as forcible a manner cannot be doubted. The last age produced a Gray, a Thomson, and a Pope; but does not the present possess a Moore, who strikes the lyre with a master-hand? indeed, over whose lines the true spirit of poetry breathes, whether revelling in the voluptuousness of Oriental imagery, he depicts the splendour of eastern magnificence, or vindicating the cause of his country with all the vigour of genius, and the fire of patriotism. A Scott, whose vivid perception, and whose powerful description of the beauties of nature, entitle him to a high rank upon the rolls of fame; and lastly, this age has possessed a Byron: how must every lover of literature and devotee of genius mourn, that we should have thus to speak of him—a brilliant sun lost in the darkness of death before he had arrived at his noon-tide splendour—an exalted being for ever passed away from the world he so eminently adorned with the greatness of his genius? This melancholy event must be mourned by all, malevolence must now forego its venom, and envy expire upon his bier. Lord Byron did not, like his predecessors or his contemporaries, confine himself within any particular boundary of the poetic art; he passed from "gay to grave, from lively to severe," from the delineation of one passion to that of an opposite one, with equal facility and equal success. He appeared how to excel in whatever he attempted. The plots of his poems were for the most part in their own nature, void of interest and ill chosen, as if he delighted in the conquest of the difficulties they occasioned. Few

authors but himself could have imparted so much interest to the wanderings of an infidel,* or the adventures of a libertine.† Speaking of him as a literary character, he has been "more sinned against than sinning." From the first onset of his literary life, he has been assailed by the malignity of criticism, and the attacks of prejudice; but, while yet in the cradle of literary fame, like another Hercules, he strangled with his satire the critical serpents that sought his destruction by their disapproving hiss—he had his faults and errors in common with humanity; but he had great and redeeming virtues, those of heaven-born charity and soul-stirring patriotism. It is indeed to be regretted that he lent his name to a despicable journal,‡ conducted by a still more despicable party—a party which contemned every time-hallowed principle—that would (had they not been as weak as they were base) have lighted the flame of rebellion, and thrown down the altar of religion. It was this circumstance, combined with some incautious expressions of the noble bard himself, that gave his enemies a handle to reproach and vilify him. Every excellence was lessened, and every venial error converted into a heinous crime. Not only was the sanctitude of private life violated, but even personal defect was not secure from their malevolence. Now he is no more, posterity will duly appreciate his merits. When his foes, too, shall have strutted and fretted their hour upon this mortal stage, and then be heard no more, and while his memory is wreathed by an immortal fame, and adorned with the panegyrics of the historian and the fictions of the poet, *theirs* will either sink into oblivion, or be remembered only to be reproached. Besides the glorious triumvirate of poetic talent last mentioned, what a concourse of literary adventurers has not the present age produced? Votaries hourly throng from the titled peer to the lowly peasant, to pay their *devoirs* at the altar of Apollo. The names of Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Montgomery, and Barton, reflect no little honour on the present age. Their productions though they do not beam with that splendour which shines in the pages of some higher bards, are elegant effusions, free from that moral contagion which renders many of the beauties of Moore and Byron dangerous; they inculcate solid principles and pure morality. Upon the whole it may be said, that what the present age, in certain instances, has lost, in others it has gained; and that it will not be exposed to the re-

* Childe Harold.
‡ The Liberal.

† Don Juan.

proaches of posterity for a want of a equality with its predecessor.

R. M.

LOVELY MARY; OR, THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

A FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

I saw her clasp her infant to her breast;
I saw her fondly kiss its pallid cheek;
I heard her faintly hush its cries to rest,
But not a word could lovely Mary speak.
I saw the pearl-drop trembling in her eye;
The tear of anguish on her bosom fall;
I heard the deep-drawn, heart-corroding sigh,
And saw the look that did for mercy call.
I saw the gush, the fountain-gush of tears,
That gave relief to Mary's burning heart;
I heard her voice amidst a storm of fears
A mother's blessing on her babe impart.
"And must I lose thee?—must we part so soon?
Dear pledge of him, my first, and only love!
Ah, yes! thy Maker does demand the boon!
Recalls my darling to the skies above!"
"Go then," she cried, "since Heaven ordains
It so,
Ascend! and with thee take a mother's kiss:
From whence you came—go, little innocent, go,
And live for ever in the realms of bliss!"
She spoke:—and life, mortality's thread, was run!
The infant sufferer stiffen'd by her side;
"My God!" she said, "thy will alone be done!"
"I bow!"—and Mary with her baby died.
UTOPIA.

My Common Place Book.

No. V.

MONDAY evening being rather walkable than otherwise, I sauntered down to our weekly meeting of the Rigmorale Club, at the house of my respected friend, Mr. Tobias Simpkin, where it is usually held. I found that I was much within fineable time, and had a "two-handed crack" with my cockney chum, before any of the other members arrived. They were punctual, however, and we had the fidelity of greeting, very near the expected moment, Adelbert, Edgar, Tim Tobykin, and Rory Macfungus, all met together.

It was forthwith moved and seconded, that our worthy host, Mr. Simpkin, should take the chair. He accordingly assumed the seat of dignity; and, with each a brilliant antifogmatic before him, we sat, but not in *mute* expectation of what should be the subject or subjects of the evening.

At length it was apparent, after a short time, that Mr. Roderick Macfungus was on his legs, and the same being formally announced by the chairman, he began after this fashion:

"Gentlemen—*hem*—Gentlemen—My friend Crugal O'Cleishmeelaw, who is always at his jests and gibes, and whom I rejoice to behold in his place this evening, asserted, in the hearing of this enlightened fraternity, that he considered it

difficult to reconcile the fact of the Scottish peasantry being at the same time an educated, enlightened, religious, and yet a very *superstitious people*. I cannot but admit the truth of this assertion, as many circumstances have occurred to my own observation, which confirm it. It may possibly amuse you to detail a few of them, before I attempt to reconcile what appears to be somewhat extraordinary, and not a little contradictory. One night, in the year 18—, as I entered the village of —, not far from Stirling, I accosted a female, rather advanced in years, who was standing by a cottage door, with a view of getting information where my quarters were to be fixed for the night.—She turned hastily towards me the countenance of one, to whom indeed belonged the epithet of an 'awfu woman.' Her age was not great, but there was a sharpness about her face, and a glance in her keen, dark, grey eye, that savoured of something unearthly, as she rather screamed than said—'Sorrow tak' ye, an' ye dinna turn in here—ye may gang farther, and fare waur.' Being fond of natural curiosities of all kinds, the invitation, however unceremoniously given, was immediately accepted, although (I must needs confess) with an involuntary shudder. My unamiable hostess I saw no more, and have no very particular ambition to behold again; but her daughter, a discreet damsel, I discovered satir at an early hour on the following morning, and after some preliminary conversation, I led her to the subject of my curiosity. 'It was true,' she said, 'her mither, Lucky Mac Laurin was an unco wife,—but still a pious, and God-fearing woman.' From her I learned, that her parent's life had been singularly marked by misfortunes, of which the crowning one was the untimely death of her husband; a very short time after, in a fit of the second sight, she had beheld his funeral array pass before her eyes distinctly. From that period she had never been in her customary way, and yet her shrewd mind was not weakened,—her humane, benevolent feelings were not in reality blunted,—nor her religious exercises in any way neglected.

"On another occasion I found myself, one pretty long autumn-evening, in company with an excellent, elderly lady, who much marvelled at my venturing a smile at her invincible hatred to all cats.—'She liket the craturas, too, but was sure they were no tanny.' Most particular inquiry, led me to date the origin of her antipathy, from the time of her acquaintance with the two following events, the truth of which she no more questioned than that of 'Holy Writ.'

"In the town of K—, there lived, to her own knowledge, a tallow-chandler, sundry parts of whose lawful calling, led him occasionally to be up all night. This duty he had of late discontinued, in consequence of having luckily procured a trust-worthy servant, who performed it satisfactorily for him. One morning, however, this confidential personage came to him with a visage of unusually lengthy appearance, and stated that on account of the bogles having made their appearance, she must be excused from her accustomed duties in the lower regions of the house. The good man was astounded at this, and resolved, properly enough, to attend in person to the business on the following night, and ascertain whether this statement was true or false. He went, accordingly, and wrought with commendable industry without interruption, till the witching hour arrived, and with it entered a fine specimen of the Grimalkin tribe, to whom friend Antony Thompson civilly enough said, 'Mrs. Fuss, from whence came ye?' Upon that, there stalked in cat after cat, and to them the first visitant repeated, with a fair, human voice, the question which had been put to her. They all at length got hold of it, and to the amount of about a dozen, began to curvet and caper round the unlucky man with most exemplary activity, and singing aloud:—

"Antony Thompson said to me,
Mrs. Fuss, from whence came ye."

"Antony could endure it no longer; he took up a large tub of hot water, and fairly emptied it among them. The place was accordingly soon cleared, and he quietly resumed his employment, and continued it till breakfast time. A new source of wonderment soon occurred.—His better half was indisposed suddenly, and could not appear at the usual meal. He therefore went, like a dutiful husband, to condole with her, when, to his utter amazement, he found that she had been scalded so severely, that a long illness was the least that could be expected. The last night's work was explained; and the unfortunate Mr. Thompson had the horror of knowing that his wife had formed one of a bevy of witches, who had chosen to annoy him with their unseasonable cantrips.

"The next is quite as tragical.—The Precentor of the village of — was returning from a joyous party, like Tam O'Shanter, pretty well primed, and loaded with good ale and toddy. His way was somewhat dreary; and he was for a moment sobered by the appearance of an immense cat starting up beside him, and uttering these fearful words:—John

tell Baudrons at hame, that the cat o' the craigs is out to-night." John's heart quailed within him for a short time; but his courage soon revived, and he laughed immoderately at the joke. He came in, sat down by his 'ain ingle side, and espying a powerful black cat, which was his peculiar favourite, jocosely said—"Baudrons, I have been commissioned to tell ye, that the cat o' the craigs is out to-night!" Upon which, awful to relate, the remorseless creature sprang to poor John's throat, and strangled him!

"Now, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I flatter myself that this, a similar species of superstition, may exist, and yet not in any wise derogate from the acknowledged character of my beloved country-folk, for intelligence and piety. It is not obviously the result of ignorance, therefore it must be accounted for, from the affection with which the traditional tales of their forefathers are regarded, by even the most enlightened of the Scottish peasantry—the tenacity with which they are remembered from generation to generation—and the intense interest with which they are listened to by all ages on a winter's night, while young and old creep around the fire, and associate the wonderful stories of the 'gude auld wife' with 'the spirit of the storm,' which is raving without the humble cottage. But to proceed!"

Here Edgar rose from his seat, with something akin to haste, and said—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I trust I shall be pardoned for this interruption; but I must implore my respected friend to proceed no further in his argument, because we are all aware of his hobby.—When he once gets upon any subject connected with 'Auld Reekie,' there can be no life expected;—a dissertation, at least as long as Blair's preliminary one to the "Poems of Ossian," must needs ensue, and on this occasion it appears to me altogether unnecessary, as the stories he has related are excellent, and he has given already the only reason that can be alleged by way of reconciling what assuredly does appear a singular contradiction.—Questionless, we do all agree with him on the subject. The Caledonians are an intellectual people, and put to silence and shame all who yet carp and nibble about the 'propriety of educating the lower classes of every country, in a religious, plain way; but still I hope not to behold the day when the Wraiths, the Brownies, and the Boggles, shall be hunted from the land of the mountain and the glen, and the tales of ancient days be found no more among her people."

Mr. Macfingus's face, which at first appeared to be gathering redness and

wrath, now resumed its wonted good humour; and at the conclusion of the last speech he made a most outrageous noise, by way of applause, in which the rest of the company joined.

The chairman soon after rose, and notified that Tim Tobykin was astir, and wished briefly to call the company's attention to a few remarks. All eyes were presently directed to the place where that gentleman usually sat, as his cranium rose but slightly above the half-empty glass of mountain-dew, which stood on the table before him. He therefore commenced as follows, with violent gesticulation and considerable vivacity of manner:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—Your attention has already been so pleasantly and profitably engaged, that the few thoughts upon general periodical literature, which I had prepared, must be dispensed with. I have only, therefore, to state, that it appears to me, the duty of this right worshipful company, with all its might to contribute to the growing fame of the MIRROR, which is, in its way, without exception, the very best periodical at present afloat. Its general good feeling and correct principle are not unknown to you; and it will be a burning black shame if ever you forget the hour in which you pledged yourselves to support it. I am moved thus warmly to urge the matter with you, for verily, your contributions must henceforth be more numerous and meritorious than they have yet been."

Adelbert.—"Friend Timothias, I do agree with you. No. 81 was very respectable; *P. T. W.* is improving very much, but he must not quote Cowper and Gay so eternally; and *Bardulus* should have more conscience than to send to our editor, more than one epigram upon such a man as Martin of Galway."

The supper being announced, we sat down to a princely rump-steak, and various desirable accompaniments; conversation not flagging for a single moment. The cloth removed, Mr. Simpkin called out lustily upon our friend Jacobus Clinkumbell (who had made his appearance a little before supper) to sing a song, which he, without hesitation, commenced doing, and in his best manner:—

Air.—"WHEN ABERCROMBY, GALLANT SCOT."

And is it you, my bonny Jean,

Just come to meet me a' your lane?—

O, blessings on your hazel e'en,

They smile to see me back again!

Wi' weary fit, and heart o' dole,

I've wanderr'd India's sunny plains

But off it cheer'd my vera soul,

To think ye wish'd me back again.

Welcome, my bonny Highland hills,

We mind me o' the days o' yore—

I see true care, and a' its ill,

Your peaceful sceptre to leave nae mair.

But come what may, my only dear,
Together we'll be blithe and fain,—
Tho' wanting much o' this world's gear,
I've brought a keel heart back again!

The club broke up this evening rather later than usual, but still at an early hour; and each member walked home without seeing the houses in Cheapside dancing quadrilles before him on his way.

CLEISHMECLAW.

BRITISH SAILORS DEFENDED.

MR. EDITOR.—Perusing the 70th Num. of the MIRROR, I found an account of "The Day after Pay Day of a Man of War," which is one of the most exaggerated statements I ever read.

The first part of the account bears some resemblance to truth—but where the writer states a few steady, old quarter-masters, &c. &c. having some influence over the master at arms, to allow them a light, and to smoke in a retired corner, he shows himself quite ignorant of the rules of a man-of-war, or has, perhaps, been in the capacity of the lady of the green-room—or the doctor's lob-lolly boy; and, therefore, somewhat prejudiced against them. Every person that has been on-board a man-of-war, knows that it is one of the strictest rules in the ship, and the master at arms is requested to be very vigilant in enforcing it, to suffer no man, on any account whatever, to smoke between decks, and particularly when the hammocks are down, a favour which, if granted, would be attended with his dismissal.

Your correspondent goes on to say, when the officer goes his round, they hide their light under the pea-soup tub: let me ask him what officer is it goes his rounds? why, none but the master at arms himself.

He goes on to assure you, that if a shipmate falls down a hatchway and breaks a leg (or what not) they very deliberately, with their pipes in their mouths, carry him down to the cock-pit. Common-sense, Mr. Editor, tells you better than this; I leave to you and your readers (which are numerous) to judge what would be the consequence. The fact is this: no man is allowed, at any time whatever, to smoke below, but only in the galley, and even when the drying-stoves are hung up between decks, so strict are they, that they will not allow any one to take even a light from them. If a man should unluckily fall down a hatchway, and is seen by those smoking in the galley, they fly to his assistance immediately, not with their pipes in their mouths, but tied under foot and extinguished altogether.

* From the *London Magazine*.

There is another base assertion in the article alluded to: it is that females are sometimes tied fast round the middle by a rope from the main-yard, hauled up and ducked overboard; the gallantry and accomplishments of our naval officers are such, as never to allow themselves to be taken to such base and degenerate actions, so obscene and unchristian-like. No Dutch keel-hauling or duckery, are ever practised in the British navy.

I therefore beseech you, Mr. Editor, that your MIRROR will reflect on its leaves your best defenders, in their genuine likeness, not as drones and brutes, but as ever uppermost in doing good actions, and discovering their most predominant virtues.

Yours, &c. J. E. COOPER.

LINES TO STELLA.

On her inquiring how she looked when dressed for an evening party.

(For the Mirror.)

You ask me, lovely Stella, if
I think that you are fair;
If you upon your form bestow
Too much, or little care;
And whether this or that become
The blushes of your face;
Or if the flower o'er shades your brow
With more than wanted grace:
'Tis not for me, with flattery tongue,
Your fond hopes to deceive—
Yet, if I speak the simple truth,
I fear you'd not believe.

And well too—for, alas! how few
To beauty and to youth
All wed, but bid false flattery's men
Assume the air of truth;
Truth, said I?—why there's not a clime
That chimes her as its right;
As soon from Crete—that isle of lies—
Will falsehood wing her flight.
Yes—she is like the fabled bird
In Araby, that's seen,
And comes, like "angel-visits," fair,
But "few and far between."

Deception rides on every gale,
All to deception lends;
Man finds it o'er all Nature's face,
Where'er his way he wends;
He finds it in the God of day,
Which, tho' fixt, seems to move—
He finds it in the morning dew
That glistens in the grove;
For every dew-drop magnifies
The leaf on which it beams,
And that which else would scarce be seen,
A giant insect seems.

He finds it in the watery waste,
Which to man's gazing eye
Seems flat—and thus by all deceived,
His years of life pass by;
He finds it in the circling globe
In which, with swiftest pace,
Thou round it whirle the way of man;
No motion e'er can trace;
Then Stella, ask not what I think,
Lest I, too, may deceive;
And you, even you, a woman, love,
Too credulous believe.

Did not the thunderer, by deceit
In form, a golden shew;
To Danes' ear, fallacious God!
Seductive words poor?
Saw, said he not a snow-white swan,
Hence on the ocean's tide,
To Leda's bosom, to the bathed
In perfect beauty hid?
Love urged, Deception veil'd, success
The Goddess smiling crown'd:—
Then, maiden, trust, nor youth, nor Love,
Deceit 'mong all is found.
No, rather, say, the mirror seek,
No falsehood there you'll find;
It speaks the truth, and but the truth,
Nor adds man's crying wail:—
It tells the truth she is fair,
If fair indeed she be;
Nor adds a lie, (the lover's tongue.)
That she but love can see—
Then, say, say, thy glass consult,
For that will never deceive,
And whether 'er it tells thee, love,
That—that alone believe. *ALFRED.*

THE PATRIOT HAMPDEN.

SIR,—The following particulars relating to that great man, Hampden, (a memoir of whom appeared in No. 94, of the MIRROR,) I have extracted from "Seward's Anecdotes," and as I doubt not, they will be interesting to your readers, you will oblige me by inserting them.

Your humble Servant,
A CONSTANT READER.

"During the time in which Mr. Hampden was engaged in the Civil Wars, he wore round his neck an ornament, consisting of a small silver chain, enclosing a plain, cornelian stone. Round the silver rim of the stone was inscribed

"Against my king I never fight,
But for my king and country's right."

"This interesting record of the sentiments of this great man, has been bequeathed to the University of Oxford, by the late Thomas Knight, Esq. of Godmersham Park, Kent.

"This sagacious man discovered the great talents of Oliver Cromwell through the veil which coarse manners and vulgar habits had thrown over them, for (according to Whitelock) Lord Derby, in going down the stairs of the House of Commons, with Mr. Hampden, observing Cromwell pass by them, said to Mr. Hampden, 'Who is that sallow immediately before us? he is on our side, I see, by his speaking so warmly to-day,' 'that sallow, as you are pleased to call him,' my lord," replied Hampden, 'that sallow,' I say, if we were to come to a breach with the king (which God forbid), will be the greatest man in England.'

"Inscription on his Wife's Monument in Hampden Church, Bucks, written by himself.

"To the eternal memory
of the very truly virtuous and pious

Elizabeth Hampden, Wife of John Hampden, of Great Hampden, Esquier, sole Daughter and Heir of Edward Symeon, of Pyrtan, in the County of Oxon, Esqr. the tender mother of an happy offspring in (of) 9 Hopefull children.

In her pilgrimage
The staid and comfort of her neighbours,
The joy and glory of a well-ordered family,
The delight and happiness of tender parents,

But a crowne of blessings to her husband.
In a wife, to all an eternal pattern of goodness

and cause of joye, whilst she was
In her disolution
a invaluable loss to each, yet herself
blest, and they fully recompensed in her
translation from a tabernacle of claye
and fellowships of mortals to a celestial
mansions and communion with a Deity,
the 10 day of August, 1634.
John Hampden, her sorrowfull
husband, in perpetual testimony
of his conjugal love, hath dedicated
this monument."

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

By Butler, Author of Hudibras.

Shown once the world resolve to abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It wou'd have nothing left to do,
To apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play, or sport,
Or state, to pass its time away.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he, that has no eyes in's head,
Must be a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, opinion.

Hypocrisy will serve as well
To propagate a church, as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
Be round, white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess:
For, could it both inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate,
Which all felicities below,
By rigid laws are subject to,
It wou'd become a bliss too high,
For perishing mortality.

Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to heav'n but love.
All snail's shells are more brisk and pert,
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

To his Mistress.
Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast;
For venturing to disclose a flame,
It had so long suppress'd.
In its own secret it design'd
For ever to have lain,
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

Cowper's House, at Olney.



OLNEY is a market-town in Buckinghamshire, near the borders of Northamptonshire, and, according to the last census, contained a population of 2,339 inhabitants. The town owes its chief or sole celebrity to its having been the residence of the poet Cowper, and the place where he wrote several of his admirable poems. His house, of which we give a fine view, from a drawing by Mr. Storer, was a large, brick building at the corner of the market-place; here he had a printing-press, with which he sometimes amused himself; behind the house was a good garden, in which was a summer-house, "not bigger than a sedan-chair," he says, in one of his letters; adding, yet "here I write all that I write in summer time, whether to my friends or to the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion." Cowper's situation here appears to have been as comfortable as that of a person of his frame of mind could be any where; and, indeed, we find him thus recording his happiness in the third book of the "Task":—

* Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship,
peace;
No loose or wanton, though a wandering muse,
And constant occupation without care."

HARLINGTON YEW-TREE.

MR. EDITOR. — Your correspondent, C. P., in No. 94, of the MIRROR, desires to know the reason why Yew-trees are generally found in church-yards; I believe that it is one of those numerous relics of that prudence of our ancestors,

which, because their original use has been, in the lapse of time, forgotten, are pointed at with more jocoseness than consideration.

Yew-trees were planted in church-yards to provide bows for the parishioners, this much laughed at "wisdom of our ancestors" (in the laughter against which you have, Mr. Editor, very graciously joined, vide vol. I. p. 266), perceiving that this tree generally grew in a cold soil and bleak situations, and therefore not in every place to be readily procured, and also that this expedient might render it in times of constant war far less liable to extirpation.

That the Yew or Yew-tree was used for bows, is known to every one who has read the ballad of Chevy Chase. This may have given occasion to the comparatively late custom of planting the Yew-tree in church-yards, to which its sombre appearance gives a pleasing effect, though many of the Yew-trees now seen, are nearly of the age of that which your correspondent mentions. There is a very aged Yew-tree in Tandridge church-yard, Surrey. Also a very ancient avenue of these trees in the church-yard of Beckenham, in Kent, about eight miles from London. It might be suggested that the addition of a Yew-tree to the new churches in the environs of London might not be as unapt ornament for their church-yards, though we should all deprecate the unhallowed clippings which the "waste,"

* The article alluded to is from a monthly periodical, in our *Spirit of the Public Journals*; for the opinion of others we are not amenable, even when we insert them.—Ed.

of the former Vicar of Haslington so liberally bestowed on his favourite Tree.

P.

ON THE RESPLENDENT BEAUTIES OF THE FIRE-FLY.

(For the Mirror.)

* Not all the show and mockery of state,
The little, low, fine follies of the great;
Not all the wealth which eastern pageants wore,
What still our idolizing worlds adore,
Can boast the least inimitable grace,
That decks profusely this illustrious race:
For 'tis God who glides the insect's wing.*

THE history of this beautiful insect, as related by Madame Merian, in her account of the insects of Surinam, is truly surprising; she says, "Once, when the Indians brought me a number of these lantern-carriers, I put them into a wooden box, without being aware of their shining at night—but one night, being awakened by an unusual noise, and much frightened, I jumped out of bed and ordered a light, not knowing whence the noise proceeded. We soon perceived that it originated in the box, which we opened with some inquietude, but were still more alarmed, after opening it, and letting it fall on the ground, for a flame appeared to issue from it, which seemed to receive additional lustre as often as another flew out of it. When we perceived this some time, we recovered from our terror, and admired the splendour of these little animals."† These remarks are confirmed by Dr. Grew, who says, "that two or three of these insects fastened to a stick, or otherwise conveniently disposed of, will give sufficient light to those, who walk, or travel in the night."‡ This is the insect to which Thompson alludes in his view of the torrid zone, thus—

* From Menan's orient stream, that nightly shines with insect lamps:—

and Mrs. Barbauld says,

* Some shoot like living stars, athwart the night,
And scatter from their wings a vivid light,
To guide the Indian to his tawny loves,
As thro' the woods with cautious steps he moves."

These are Nature's gems glittering in the pathless woods of the tropical regions. Pate du Tertre declares in his "Histoire des Antilles," that he could distinctly read his prayers by the light of one of them; and Lessert, in his "Theologie des Insectes," affirms that the Indians keep them in their houses, and require no other light in the night-time, an insect of this

* Published at Amsterdam.
† She saw sufficiently well by one of them, to paint and finish one of the figures of them in her work on insects.
‡ Or puffing from one to three of them under a glass.

* See also—Summer, line 827.

sort being sufficient so far to illuminate an apartment of moderate size, as to enable its inhabitants to perform whatever household work may be necessary. When the fly is dead, their bodies will still afford considerable light, though less vivid than before; and if bruised, and rubbed over the hand and face, they become luminous in the dark, like a board besmeared with phosphorus. They have a reddish, brown colour, and live in rotten trees in the day, but are always abroad in the night. Under the belly, is a circular patch, which, in the dark, shines like a candle; and on each side of the head, near the eyes, is a prominent globular, luminous body, in size about one-third larger than a mustard seed. Each of these bodies is like a rising star, emitting a bright, and not small light. The largest species of fly is rather more than one inch in length. Another species is not more than half that size, and their light proceeds from under their wings, and is seen only when they are elevated, like sparks of fire, appearing and disappearing every second. Of these the air is full in the night, though they are never seen in the day. They are common, not only in the southern, but northern parts of America, during the summer. In Siam the trees on the banks of the river Main, in summer, are beautifully illuminated* with swarms of fire-flies, which emit and conceal their light as uniformly as if it proceeded from a machine of the most exact contrivance. Darwin beautifully says—

* You bid in air the tropic beetle burn;
And fill with golden flame his winged urn."

But no language can depict the beauties of this splendid tribe; for,

"Who can paint like nature.
Can imagination boast amidst its gay creation hues like hers."

* "—the fire-fly's red light,
With its quick-glancing splendour illumines the night."

P. T. W.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE VOLUNTEER.

SOME twenty years ago; it may be more,
When Buonaparte was in lofty station,
He vowed he'd fly his eagles on the shore,
And freedom give to all the British nation.
Now John Bull relish'd not this kind intention;
He knew that eagles were much giv'n to peck;
So thank'd the emperor for his attention,
Yet firm resolv'd his program he would check.
From John o' Groats to Cornwall's austral end,
A race of volunteers immediate springs,
With British hearts their monarch to defend;
Who swore they'd clip the Imperial eagle's wings.

Sam Miles, a lad with heart of British oak,
The head with somewhat of a softer mould,
Among the awkward squad his station took,
And in a moment grew a soldier bold.

The drill was over, well he'd play'd his part,
Now homeward to his loving spouse he hies;
Explains the mysteries of the martial art,
And holds the musket to her gazing eyes.

"Come here, my love! I'll quickly fire the piece,
And you shall hear the wondrous noise it makes."

He loaded, twirl'd the rod about with grace,
And soldier-like, his footing firmly takes.

He touch'd the trigger, but the piece was dumb;
For why, our hero had forgot to prime!
He scratch'd his head, and after many a hum,
"There's not enough," so charg'd another time.

Yet all was hush, his efforts were in vain.
A third he tried, nor yet the fourth was right;
He charg'd, and ram'm'd, and ram'm'd, and
charg'd, again,

Till down the tenth he forc'd with all his might.

But now a ray of reason glanc'd his soul,
"I see, I see my error, never fear,
All's right, my love, I quite forgot the hole;
I ought to have put a little priming here."

He fired bang! with a tremendous sound;
The piece was burst, and straight to atoms flew.

Laid our brave warrior sprawling on the ground,
And by his side, un hurt, his wife so true.

After awhile the wife began to rise;
Sam seiz'd her fast; roar'd out with voice of
woe,

"O Janet, Janet, keep still! shut your eyes,
The only once! she's nine times more to go!"

CLAY.

The Novelist.

No. LVII.

DER FREISCHUTZ; OR, THE SEVENTH BULLET.

THE extraordinary interest which the new musical piece produced at the English Opera House, under the title of *Der Freischutz*, has excited, induces us to give our readers the original story on which it is founded, which we copy though somewhat abridged, from a recently published work entitled *Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations*. The tale was dramatized by Weber, the celebrated German composer, and the music is very beautiful. The original story is called

THE FATAL MARKSMAN.

BERTRAM, the old forester of Länden, and his wife, Anne, had an only daughter, Kate, who was attached to William, the bailiff's clerk; but, as the farm and the office of forester had been two hundred years in the family, and William was no huntsman, Bertram wished his daughter to marry Robert, the hunter, in order to secure the situation still in the family. William, on learning this, quits his

clerkship, to qualify himself as huntsman;—meets with Bertram, displays his skill, and gains his favour. The forester tells him, he will become a second Kuno, who was Bertram's great-grandfather's father. It was a rule in those days, that if a poor man committed a trespass against the forest laws, he was bound on the back of a stag, and the animal turned loose, when the man was either bruised or goaded to death, or perished of hunger. When the young knight of Wippach, with whom Kuno lived, was hunting with the Duke, a stag of this sort was seen. The Duke offered a great reward to any person who would hit the stag, but threatened him with his severest displeasure if he wounded the man. Kuno ventured, killed the stag, and the man was unhurt. The reward was the farm to him and his heirs; but some envious persons saying that Kuno had resorted to witchcraft and black arts, the Duke enjoined, that every descendant of Kuno must undergo a trial, and fire what they call his probationary shot before he is admitted tenant. All Kuno's descendants succeeded in the trial; and William practised much, in order to qualify himself for it, Bertram having promised his daughter in case of success. He has, however, a run of ill-luck;—sometimes his gun would miss fire; at other times, instead of a deer, he would hit the trunk of a tree. At length he became afraid to draw a trigger, for fear of doing mischief, as he had already killed a cow, and nearly wounded a huntsman.

"Nay, I stick to my own opinion," said huntsman Rudolph one night, "somebody has cast a spell over William; for in the regular course of nature such things could never happen; and this spell he must undo before he will have any luck."

Bertram laughs at this, which he calls superstitious foolery; but William stating that his balls seemed to fly askance, Rudolph bade him go some Friday night to a cross-road, and make a circle round about him, with a ram-rod or a bloody sword, and bless it three times in the same words as the priest uses, but in the name of Samiel. The forester trembles at this, observing that Samiel is one of Satan's hosts.

The next day William again sets out, but with still worse luck, when he meets with an old soldier, who hearing of his bad luck, tells him his gun is charmed; but that he can give him a ball that cannot fail of going true. William loaded his piece, and looked about for an aim. At a great height above the forest, like a moving speck, was hovering a large bird of prey. "There!" said Mr. Timber-toe, "that old devil up there, shoot him."

William laughed, for the bird was floating in a region so elevated as to be scarcely discernible to the naked eye. "Nay, never doubt; shoot away," repeated the old soldier. "I'll wager my wooden leg you'll bring him down." William fired, the black speck was seen rapidly descending, and a great vulture fell bleeding to the ground.

The soldier gives him a few balls, and then leaves him. William uses them with success, and in the forest-house all was pleasure when William returned, as formerly, with a load of venison, and gave practical evidence to old Bertram that he was still the same marksman he had first shewn himself in his novitiate. He should now have told the reason of his late ill-luck, and what course he had taken to remove it; but, without exactly knowing why, he shrunk from telling of the inevitable balls, and laid the blame upon a flaw in his gun which had escaped his notice until the preceding night.

"Now, dame, dost a' see?" said the forester, laughing: "who's wrong now, dame, I wonder? The witchcraft lay in the gun that wanted trimming; and the little devil, that by your account should have thrown down old father Kuno's picture so early this morning, I'm partly of opinion lies in a canker'd nail."

"What's that you're saying about a devil?" asked William.

"Nay, nothing at all but nonsense," replied the old man: "this morning, just as the clock was striking seven, the picture fell down of itself; and so my wife will have it that all's not right about the house."

"Just as it was striking seven, eh? Ha!" And the old soldier flashed across William's thoughts, who had taken his leave at that identical time.

"Aye, sure enough, as it was striking seven: not a very likely time for devils to be stirring; eh, my old dame? eh Anne?" at the same time chucking her under the chin with a good-natured laugh. But old Anne shook her head thoughtfully, saying:—"God graht all may turn out natural!" and William changed colour a little. He resolved to put by his balls, and, at the most, only to use one upon his day of trial, lest he might be unconsciously trifling away his future happiness at the wily suggestions of a fiend. But the forester summoned him to attendance upon the chase; and, unless he were prepared to provoke the old man, and to rouse afresh all the late suspicions in regard to his skill, he found himself obliged to throw away some of his charmed balls upon such occasions.

William's last ball was expended before

the day of probation, and his only hope was in again meeting with the wooden-legged soldier. He is, however, much agitated by a story which Bertram relates, of one George Smith, of Prague, who had cast devil's balls with an old upland hunter in a cross-road, with sundry magical incantations, where terrific apparitions flocked about him, and he fell senseless to the ground. William, however, as the day of trial approached, determined to go to the cross-road in the forest, and try the awful experiment. Having provided himself with lead, bullet-moulds, coals, &c., he was prepared to step out of the house; but was induced to stop that night by Bertram, who had some forebodings of ill. On that night his uncle came to see him. The third night came; and it was the eve of trial. Bertram determined that night to keep the bridal-feast.—Amidst their festivity, the picture of Kuno again fell, and wounded Katharine on the temple. William drank freely to drown his own reflections; and, under pretence of having shot a deer, and forgotten it, he leaves his young bride on their bridal festival, and hastened to the forest.

The moon was in the wane, and at this time, was rising, and resting with a dim red orb upon the horizon. Gloomy clouds were flying overhead, and at intervals darkened the whole country, which, by fits, the moon again lit up. The silvery birches and the aspen trees, rose like apparitions in the forest; and the poplars seemed to William's fevered visions, pale shadowy forms that beckoned him to retire. He shuddered; and it suddenly struck him, that the almost miraculous disturbance of his scheme on the two preceding nights, together with the repeated and ominous falling of the picture, were the last warnings of dissuasion from a wicked enterprise, addressed to him by his better angel that was now ready to forsake him.

Once again he faltered in his purpose. Already he was on the point of returning, when suddenly a voice appeared to whisper to him: "Fool! hast thou not already accepted magical help: is it only for the trouble of reaping it; that thou would'st forego the main harvest of its gift?" He stood still. The moon issued in splendour from behind a dark cloud, and illuminated the peaceful roof of the forester's cottage. He could see Katharine's chamber window, glancing under the silvery rays; in the blindness of love, he stretched out his arms towards it, and mechanically stepped homewards. Then came a second whisper from the voice; for a sudden gust of wind brought

the sound of the clock striking the half hour: "Away to business!" it seemed to say. "Right, right!" he said aloud, "Away to business! It is weak and childish, to turn back from a business half accomplished; it is folly to renounce the main advantage, having already perhaps risked one's salvation for a trifle. No: let me go through with it."

He stepped forwards with long strides; the wind drove the agitated clouds, again over the face of the moon; and William plunged into the thickest gloom of the forest.

At length he stood upon the cross-way. At length the magic circle was drawn; the skulls were fixed, and the bones were laid round about. The moon buried itself deeper and deeper in the clouds; and no light was shed upon the midnight deed, except from the red, lurid gleam of the fire, that waxed and waned by fits, under the gusty squalls of the wind. A remote church-clock proclaimed that it was now within a quarter of eleven. William put the ladle upon the fire, and threw in the lead, together with three bullets which had already hit the mark once: a practice amongst those who cast the "fatal bullets," which he remembered to have heard mentioned in his apprenticeship. In the forest was now heard a pattering of rain. At intervals came fitting motions of owls, bats, and other light-shunning creatures, scared by the sudden gleams of the fire: some, dropping from the surrounding boughs, placed themselves on the magic circle; where, by their low, dull croaking, they seemed holding dialogues, in some unknown tongue, with the dead men's skulls. Their numbers increased; and, amongst them were indistinct outlines of misty forms, that went and came, some with brutal, some with human faces. Their vapoury lineaments fluctuated and obeyed the motions of the wind: one only stood unchanged, and like a shadow near to the circle; and settled the sad light of its eyes steadfastly upon William. Sometimes it would raise its pale hands, and seemed to sigh: and when it raised its hands, the fire would burn more sullenly; but a grey owl would then fan with his wings and rekindle the decaying embers. William averted his eyes: for the countenance of his buried mother seemed to look out from the cloudy figure, with piteous expressions of unutterable anguish. Suddenly it struck eleven; and then the shadow vanished, with the action of one, who prays and breathes up sighs to heaven. The owls and the night-moans fitted croaking about; and the skulls and bones rattled beneath their wings. William kneeled down on his

coaly hearth; and with the last stroke of eleven, out fell the first bullet.

The owls, and the bones were now silent. But along the road came an old crooked beldame pell-mell against the magic circle. She was hung round with wooden spoons, ladles, and other kitchen utensils; and made a hideous rattling as she moved. The owls saluted her with hooting, and stroked her with their wings. At the circle, she bowed to the bones and skulls; but the coals shot forth lambent tongues of flame against her, and she drew back her withered hands. Then she paced round the circle, and with a grin presented her wares to William. "Give me the bones," said she in a harsh, guttural tone, "and I'll give thee some spoons. Give the skulls to me, love: what's the trumpery to thee, love?" and then she chanted, with a scornful air,

There's nothing can help: 'tis an hour too late;
Nothing can step betwixt thee and thy fate.
Shoot in the light, or shoot in the dark.
Thy bullets, be sure, shall go true to the mark.
"Shoot the dove," says the word of command;
And the forester hold, with "the skilful hand,"
Levels and fires: oh! marksmen good!
The dove lies bathed in its innocent blood!
Here's to the man that shoots the dove!
Come for the prize to me, my love!

William was aghast with horror: but he remained quiet within the circle, and pursued his labours. The old woman was one whom he well knew. A crazy, old, female beggar had formerly roamed about the neighbourhood in this attire, till at last she was lodged in a mad-house. He was at a loss to discover, whether the object now before him were the reality or an illusion. After some little pause, the old crone scattered her lumber to the right and left with an angry air, and then tottered slowly away into the gloomy depths of the forest, singing these words:

"This to the left, and that to the right:
This and that for the bridal night.
Marksmen fire, be sure and steady:
The bride she is dressed—the priest he is ready.
To-morrow, to-morrow, when day-light departs,
And twilight is spread over broken hearts,—
When the fight is fought, when the race is run,
When the strife and the anguish are over and done:
When the bride-hed is decked with a winding-sheet,
And the innocent dove has died at thy feet;
—Then comes a bride-groom for me, I vow,
That shall live with me in my house of woe.
Here's to him that shoots the dove!
Come for the prize to me, my love!"

New came all at once a rattling as of wheels and the cracking of postillions' whips. A carriage and six drove up with outriders. "What the devil's this that stops the way?" cried the man who rode the leaders. "Make way there, I say, clear the road." William looked up, and saw sparks of fire darting from the

horses' hoofs, and a circle of flame about the carriage-wheels. By this he knew it to be a work of the fiend, and never stirred. "Push on, my lads, drive over him, helter skelter," cried the same postillion, looking back to the others; and in a moment the whole equipage moved rapidly upon the circle. William covered down to the ground, beneath the dash of the leaders' forelegs; but the airy train, and the carriages soared into the air with a whistling sound, round and round the circle, and vanished in a hurricane, which moved not a leaf of the trees. Some time elapsed before William recovered from his consternation. However, he compelled his trembling hands to keep firm, and cast a few bullets. At that moment, a well known church-clock at a distance, began to strike. At first the sound was a sound of comfort, connecting, as with the tones of some friendly voice, the human world with the dismal circle in which he stood, that else seemed cut off from it as by an impassable gulph: but the clock struck twice, thrice,—here he shuddered at the rapid flight of time, for his work was not a third part advanced, then it struck a fourth time. He was appalled; every limb seemed palsied; and the mould slipped out of his nerveless hand. With the calmness of despair, he listened to the clock; until it completed the full hour of twelve; the knell then vibrated on the air, lingered, and died away. To sport with the solemn hour of midnight, appeared too bold an undertaking, even for the powers of darkness. However, he drew out his watch, looked, and beheld: it was no more than half-past eleven.

Recovering his courage, and now fully steeled against all fresh illusions, he resumed his labours with energy. profound quiet was all around him,—disturbed only at intervals by the owls that made a low muttering, and now and then rattled the skulls and bones together. All at once a crashing was heard in the bushes. The sound was familiar to the experienced hunters' ears; he looked round; and, as he expected, a wild boar sprang out and rushed up to the circle. "This," thought William, "is no deception;" and he leaped up, seized his gun, and snapped it hastily at the wild beast; but no spark issued from the flint; he drew his dagger; but the bristly monster, like the carriage and horses, soared far above him into the air, and vanished.

William, thus repeatedly baffled, now hastened to bring up the lost time. Sixty bullets were already cast: he looked up,

and suddenly the clouds opened, and the moon again threw a brilliant light over the whole country. Just then a voice was heard from the depths of the forest crying out, in great agitation,—“William! William!” It was the voice of Kate. William saw her issue from the bushes, and fearfully look round her. Behind her panted the old woman, stretching her withered, spidery arms after the flying girl, and endeavouring to catch hold of her floating garments. Katharine now collected the last remains of her exhausted strength for flight: at that moment, the old wooden-leg stepped across her path; for an instant, it checked her speed, and then the old hag caught her with her bony hands. William could contain himself no longer: he threw the mould with the last bullet out of his hands, and would have leaped out of the circle: but just then the clock struck twelve; the fiendish vision had vanished; the owls threw the skulls and bones confusedly together, and flew away; the fire went out; and William sunk exhausted to the ground.

Now came up slowly a horseman upon a black horse. He stopped at the effaced outline of the magic circle, and spoke thus: “Thou hast stood thy trial well; what would'st thou have of me?”

“Nothing of thee, nothing at all,” said William: “what I want—I have prepared for myself.”

“Aye; but with my help: therefore, part belongs to me.”

“By no means, by no means; I bargained for no help; I summoned thee not.”

The horseman laughed scornfully; “Thou art bolder,” said he, “than such as thou art wont to be. Take the balls which thou hast cast; sixty for thee, three for me; the sixty go true, the three go askew: all will be plain, when we meet again.”

William averted his face: “I will never meet thee again,” said he, “leave me.”

“Why turnest thou away?” said the stranger with a dreadful laugh: “do'st know me?”

“No, no”—said William, shuddering; “I know thee not! I wish not to know thee. Be thou who thou mayest, leave me!”

The black horseman turned away his horse, and said with a gloomy solemnity—

“Thou do'st know me: the very hair of thy head, which stands on end, confesses for thee that thou do'st. I am he—whom at this moment thou namest in thy heart with horror.” So saying he sa-

ished—followed by the dreary sound of withered leaves, and the echo of blasted boughs falling from the trees beneath which he had stood.

"Merciful God! what has happened to you, William?" exclaimed Kate and her mother, as William returned pale and agitated after midnight: "you look as if fresh risen from the grave."

"Nothing, nothing," said William,—"nothing but night air; the truth is, I am a little feverish."

"William, William!" said old Bertram, stepping up to him, "you can't deceive me: something has met you in the forest. Why would you not stop at home? Something has crossed you on the road, I'll swear."

William was struck with the old man's seriousness, and replied—"Well, yes; I acknowledge, something has crossed me. But wait for nine days: before then, you know yourself that"—

"Gladly, gladly, my son," said Bertram; "and God be praised, that it is any thing of that kind which can wait for nine days. Trouble him not, wife; Kate, leave him at peace!—Beshrew me, but I had nearly done thee wrong, William, in my thoughts, now, my good lad, go to bed, and rest thyself. 'Night,' says the proverb, 'is no man's friend.' But be of good cheer: the man that is in his vocation, and walks only in lawful paths, may bid defiance to the fiends of darkness, and all their works."

William needed his utmost powers of dissimulation to disguise from the old man's penetration how little his suspicions had done him injustice. This indulgent affection of father Bertram, and such unshaken confidence in his uprightness, wrung his heart. He hurried to his bedroom, with full determination to destroy the accursed bullets. "One only will I keep, only one will I use," said he, holding out his supplicating hands, pressed palm to palm, with bitter tears towards heaven. "Oh, let the purpose, let the purpose, plead for the offence; plead for me the anguish of my heart, and the trial which I could not bear! I will humble, I will abase myself in the sight of God: with a thousand, with ten thousand penitential acts I will wash out the guilt of my transgression. But can I, can I, now go back, without making shipwreck of all things—of my happiness, my honour, my darling Kate?"

Somewhat tranquillised by this view of his own conduct, he beheld the morning dawn with more calmness than he had anticipated.

The fiscal commissioner arrived, and expressed a wish, previous to the decisive

trial, of making a little hunting excursion in company with the young forester. "For," said he, "it is all right to keep up old usages: but, between ourselves, the hunter's skill is best shown in the forest. So jump up, Mr. Forester else; and let's away to the forest!"

William turned pale, and would have made excuses; but, as these availed nothing with the commissioner, he begged, at least, that he might be allowed to stand his trial first. Old Bertram shook his head thoughtfully:—"William, William!" said he with a deep, tremulous tone. William withdrew instantly; and in a few moments he was equipped for the chase, and with Bertram followed the commissioner into the forest.

The old forester sought to suppress his misgivings, but struggling in vain to assume a cheerful aspect. Katharine too was dejected and agitated; and went about her household labours as if dreaming. "Was it not possible," she had asked her father, "to put off the trial?" "I thought of that also," replied he, and he kissed her in silence. Recovering himself immediately, he congratulated his daughter on the day—and reminded her of her bridal garland.

The garland had been locked up by old Anne in a drawer; and, hastily attempting to open it, she injured the lock. A child was therefore dispatched to a shop to fetch another garland for the bride. "Bring the handsomest they have," cried dame Anne after the child; but the child, in its simplicity, pitched upon that which glittered most: and this happened to be a bride's funeral garland of myrtle and rosemary entwined with silver, whilst the mistress of the shop, not knowing the circumstances, allowed the child to carry off. The bride and her mother well understood the ominous import of this accident; each shuddered; and flinging her arms about the other's neck, sought to stifle her horror in a laugh at the child's blunder. The lock was now tried once more; it opened readily; the coronals were exchanged; and the beautiful tresses of Katharine were enwreathed with the blooming garland of a bride.

The hunting party returned. The commissioner was inexhaustible in William's praise. "After such proofs of skill," said he, "it seems next to ridiculous that I should call for any other test: but to satisfy old ordinance, we are sometimes obliged to do more than is absolutely needful; and so we will dispatch the matter as briefly as possible. Yonder is a dove sitting on that pillar; level, and bring her down."

"Oh, not that—not that, for God's

sake, William," cried Katharine, hastening to the spot, "shoot not, for God's sake, at the dove. Ah! William, last night I dreamed that I was a white dove; and my mother put a ring about my neck; then came you, and in a moment my mother was covered with blood."

William drew back his piece which he had already levelled; but the commissioner laughed. "Eh, what?" said he; "so timorous? That will never do for a forester's wife: courage, young bride, courage!—Or stay, may be the dove is a pet dove of your own!"

"No, it's not that!"—said Katharine—"but the dream has sadly sunk my spirits." "Well, then," said the commissioner, "if that's all, pluck 'em up again! and so fire away, Mr. Forester."

He fired: and at the same instant, with a piercing shriek, fell Katharine to the ground.

"Strange girl!" said the commissioner, fancying that she had fallen only from panic, and raised her up: but a stream of blood flowed down her face; her forehead was shattered; and a bullet lay sunk in the wound.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed William, as the cry resounded behind him: He turned and saw Kate with a deathly paleness lying stretched in her blood. By her side stood the old wooden-leg, laughing in fiendish mockery, and snarling out—"Sixty go true, three go askew." In the madness of wrath, William drew his hanger, and made a thrust at the hideous creature. "Accursed devil!"—cried he in tones of despair—"Is it thus thou hast deluded me?" More he had no power to utter; for he sank insensible to the ground, close by his bleeding bride.

The commissioner and the priest sought vainly to speak comfort to the desolate parents. Scarce had the aged mother laid the ominous funeral garland upon the bosom of her daughter's corpse, when she wept away the last tears of her unfathomable grief. The solitary father soon followed her, and William, the fatal marksman, wore away his days in the madhouse.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

PARISH AFFAIRS.

In a village in Staffordshire, on examining the parish accounts, the three following curiosities appeared:—One of the overseers had made 63 weeks in one year; an item in the other overseer's account was

for a sum of money paid in aid of the county rats.—This caused a good deal of laughter, in which no one joined more heartily than the constable, who immediately afterwards produced his account, in which was a charge for holding a conquest over a man found dead.

A DOCTOR'S BILL.

A SINGULAR old gentleman, in a neighbouring county, was waited upon the other day with his surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating for some time over its contents, he desired the young man who called with it to tell his master, that the medicine he would pay for, but he should return the visits.

PROFESSOR PORSON observing that he could pun upon any words, was told that he could not pun on the three Latin gerunds *di do dum*, when he gave the following answer:—

When Dido found Æneas would not come, She mourned in silence, and was *di do dum*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A FURTHER account of the *Sandwich Islands*, with some *Anecdotes of the late King*, was unavoidably postponed.

M. N., on the *Music of the Spheres*; H. M., on *Fleet Marriages*; T. F. D., *Spectator*, (whose promised communication we shall be glad to receive); *The Draughtsman*, No. IV.; *Jaguet*, and *Jacobs*, in our next.

The *Sonnet on the Swallow*; F. M.-g's; and *Georgius Novice's Lines on Lord Byron*, are all good.

First efforts in poetry, like the first attempt at making love, are generally rather awkward, and the less known of both, by strangers, the better.

Mirror had better call on our publisher, as we cannot make the *Mirror* the medium of answering questions respecting *Lambard's Classics*, *Lambard's British Novelist*, or any other works he may publish.

The following communications are intended for insertion: A. R., *Thomas*; T. A. C., *Timothy Quint*; A. B. C., and H. S.—.

Enigmas, *Charades*, *Riddles*, &c. are inadmissible.

C. E.'s first good-natured effusion is too personal, and his second too local to interest the general reader.

The article alluded to by *Lechir* has not been received.

L. W. C. will see his letter anticipated in No. 64. of the *Mirror*.

The following have been received, L. G., *Rob Green*; F. M. C.; G. C., and L. W. C.

Printed and Published by J. LINDSAY, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.